THE

TEARS OF GENIUS.

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THE

TEARS OF GENIUS:

An ELEGY,

On the moſt favourite ENGLISH POETS, lately deceaſed:

IMITATIVE OF THE STILE OF EACH.

Amant alterna camenæ.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By COURTNEY MELMOTH.

LONDON:

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Just published,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

In Two Volumes, on a fine Writing Paper,

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LIBERAL OPINIONS

UPON

Animals, Man, and Providence.

IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED,

ANECDOTES of a GENTLEMAN,

AND

An EPISTLE from an UNFORTUNATE LADY, to her FAMILY.

Printed for ROBINSON, and BEW, Pater-noster-Row; and Sold by WALTER, Charing-Cross; ALMON, Piccadilly; RIDLEY, St. James's-Street; BROWN, Essex-Street; and KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,

THE veneration I bear to the memory of Doctor Goldſmith, has drawn me into the preſent publication; and the ſentiments of affection to be found in his Dedication of the DESERTED VILLAGE, have induced me to inſcribe *this* Elegy to Sir Joſhua Reynolds; who will naturally receive with kindneſs whatever is deſigned, as a teſtimony of juſtice, to a Friend that is no more.

In contemplating the death of this excellent man, and admirable poet, I have been led to contemplate likewiſe the fate of others; for within a very few years our literary loſſes have been fatally multiplied, and many of the moſt valuable members have been ſuddenly lopped off from ſcience and ſociety. In purſuit of this undertaking, where the ſame pathetic ſubject was to be conſidered to the end, I reſolved to ſet out upon an irregular principle, that without enchaining myſelf to any critical uniformity, I might have ſcope and latitude for whatever varieties of verſification ſhould fall in my way.

DEDICATION.

As I was to deplore the loſs of different writers, each of which poſſeſſed very ſtrongly a marking originality, I thought it beſt to write a ſort of Epitaph upon each: accordingly, the following Verſes are intended as ſo many ſeparate Imitations of the ſtyle and manner of the Authors which they commemorate.

That the occaſion which produced the Elegy, might not loſe the ſtrength of the impreſſion, by delay—for alas, the traces of ſorrow for the loſs of the learned, are ſoon worn out by the tumults of life—I hurried the compoſition to the preſs, the moment I could withdraw my hand from the manuſcript; the whole of which was begun and finiſhed within a few hours after the news reached me, that Dr. Goldſmith was dead.

But I beg, Sir, you will excuſe the length of this Addreſs, and believe me to be

Your ſincere admirer,

April 9th, 1774. and moſt obedient ſervant,

COURTNEY MELMOTH.

THE

TEARS OF GENIUS.

THE village-bell tolls out the note of death,
And thro' the echoing air, the length'ning ſound,
With dreadful pauſe, reverberating deep;
Spreads the ſad tydings, o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the ſcenes her bard had prais'd
In all the ſweet ſimplicity of ſong,
GENIUS, in pilgrim garb, ſequeſter'd ſat,
And herded jocund with the harmleſs ſwains:
But when ſhe heard the fate-foreboding knell,
With ſtartled ſtep, precipitate and ſwift,
And look pathetic, full of dire preſage,
The church-way walk, beſide the neighb'ring green,

Sorrowing

Sorrowing ſhe ſought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the ſhoulders of the ſwains he lov'd,
She ſaw the boaſt of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd at the view, her penſive breaſt ſhe ſtruck,
And to the cypreſs, which incumbent hangs
With leaning ſlope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moſs'd pillars of the ſacred fane,
The briar-bound graves ſhadowing with funeral gloom,
Forlorn ſhe hied; And there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) preſs'd on bleeding thought.
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Faſt broke the boſom-ſorrow from her heart,
And pale Diſtreſs, ſat ſickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive Elegy began.

And muſt my children all expire?
Shall none be left to ſtrike the lyre?
Courts Death alone a learned prize?
Falls his ſhafts only on the wiſe?

Can

Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From uſeleſs thouſands ſwarming round?
What crowding cyphers cram the land!
What hoſts of victims, at command!
Yet ſhall th' Ingenious drop alone?
Shall Science grace the tyrant's throne?
Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train!
I charge thee, with my children ſlain!

Scarce has the Sun thrice urg'd his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous power;
Sore haſt thou thinn'd each pleaſing art,
And ſtruck a muſe with every dart:

Bard, after bard, obey'd thy ſlaughtering call,
Till ſcarce a poet lives to ſing a brother's fall.
Then let a widow'd mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay.

Tearful, inſcribe the monumental ſtrain,
And ſpeak aloud, her feelings, and her pain!

And firſt, farewel to thee, my ſon, ſhe cried,
Thou pride of Auburn's Dale—ſweet bard, farewel.

Long for thy ſake, the peaſants tear ſhall flow,
And many a virgin-boſom heave with woe,
For thee ſhall ſorrow ſadden all the ſcene,
And every paſtime, periſh on the green;
The ſturdy farmer ſhall ſuſpend his tale,
The woodman's ballad ſhall no more regale,
No more ſhall Mirth, each ruſtic ſport inſpire,
But every frolic, every feat, ſhall tire.
No more the evening gambol ſhall delight,
Nor moonſhine revels crown the vacant night,
But groupes of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form, a ſad aſſembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewel—and farewel, Auburn's bliſs,
The baſhful lover, and the yielded kiſs;

The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing foreſt, and the whiſpering ſhade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whiſtled as it went."
Theſe ſhall no longer charm the plowman's care,
But ſighs ſhall fill, the pauſes of deſpair.

GOLDSMITH adieu! the "book-learn'd prieſt" for thee
Shall now in vain poſſeſs his feſtive glee,
The oft-heard jeſt in vain he ſhall reveal,
For now alas, the jeſt he cannot feel.
But ruddy damſels o'er thy tomb ſhall bend,
And conſcious weep for their and virtue's friend:
The milkmaid ſhall reject the ſhepherd's ſong,
And ceaſe to carol as ſhe toils along:
All Auburn ſhall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields, their pride was ſnatch'd away;
And even the matron of the creſſy lake
In piteous plight, her palſied head ſhall ſhake,

While

While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow ſhall the lingering tears each other trace.

And, Oh my child! ſeverer woes remain,
To all the houſeleſs, and unſhelter'd train:
Thy fate ſhall ſadden many an humble gueſt,
And heap freſh anguiſh on the beggar's breaſt.
For dear wert thou to all the ſons of pain;
To all that wander, ſorrow, or complain.
Dear to the learned, to the ſimple dear,
For daily bleſſings mark'd thy virtuous year;
The rich receiv'd a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the ſtranger found a bed.
Diſtreſs came always ſmiling from thy door;
For God had made thee agent to the poor;
Had form'd thy feelings on the nobleſt plan,
To grace at once, the Poet, and the Man.

Here

Here GENIUS paus'd to dry the gathering tear,
Which Nature ſtarted in her matron eye.
She paus'd an inſtant, then the ſtrain renew'd.

THEE too, thou favourite of the moral ſtrain,
Pathetic GRAY; for thee does GENIUS mourn:
Science and Taſte, thy early fate ſhall plain,
And Virtue drop a tear into thy urn.

Oft as Night's curtain cloſes on the day,
And twilight robes the clouds in duſkier hue,
A love-lone viſit to thy tomb I pay,
While all the parent trembles at the view.

For how to the unconſcious worm a prey,
So dear a child as thee can I reſign?
Ah, how can GENIUS e'er forget her GRAY?
Poet of Nature; all my powers, were thine!

On thy bleſt name, with melted heart I dwell,
Some kindred drops, a loſs like thine, demands;
Thou, who could once for others, wail ſo well,
Now take THY tribute from a mother's hands.

Tho' the grav'd tomb, and cloud aſpiring buſt
To Cam's clear margin, call not back thy breath,
Yet ſhall fair Fame immortalize thy duſt,
And GENIUS ſnatch thee from the realms of death.

Oft as I reach the ſpot where thou art laid,
Thou, whoſe bright ſenſe could boaſt "celeſtial fire,"
Thoſe hands, I cry, the Muſes ſcepter ſway'd,
"And wak'd to extacy the living lyre."

One morn I miſs'd thee from the favourite tree,
And anxious ſearch'd the brook, the lawn, the grove;
Another came, but ah, it was not thee!
Oh the keen tortures of a parent's love!

Next,

Next, thro' the ſculptur'd porch I ſaw thee borne
In ſlow proceſſion by the ſable train,
I ſaw thy corpſe entomb'd beneath the thorn,
And o'er thy aſhes ſigh'd this funeral ſtrain.

EPITAPH.

Here low in duſt, a ſon of Science lies,
By fame diſtinguiſhed, and to Genius dear;
Forgive the fault, ye cynically wiſe,
If on his grave the parent ſheds a tear.

Long ſhall the Muſes mourn their penſive friend,
Long ſhall a mother's boſom throb with woe,
O'er his lov'd tomb the duteous ſwains ſhall bend,
And Albion's daughters long bewail the blow.

Now ſighing, ſtopt again the querulous power,
And ruminated thoughtful—o'er the turf,
Swell'd into mountains, by the mingled dead,
She caſt a ſerious eye—and now the Hours,

Light-

The light-wing'd meſſengers of hoary Time,
Brought on the ſable zenith of the night,
Cloudleſs, and incompos'd, by gale, or ſhower,
Save that the Zephir riſing from the ſouth,
Ruſtled the light leaf of the ſpreading beech.
Far thro' the cærule air, th' illumin'd moon
Her faint ray flung upon the ſhadowy earth!
Struck by the ſcene, Imagination turn'd
Reflective, on a loſs ſtill more ſevere;
A loſs that all the Muſes mourn at once.
The cheek of GENIUS ſtream'd with warmer tears,
Deepen'd the ſearching ſigh, and throbb'd the heart,
As thus, at length the burſting grief found way:

Child of my heart—thou matchleſs ſoul of Song!
Guide of fair truth, and leading ſtar of fame,
Etherial in thy talents, as thy mind,
Wiſe as all wiſdom here below could be,

Sublimely

Sublimely tuneful, but not more ſublime
Than delicate—nor more refin'd, than good;
For Virtue ever brighten'd in thy lay,
And beam'd freſh graces thro' thy ardent ſong;
A ſong, that dar'd a flight above the ſpheres,
Cæleſtially ambitious; Heaven-inſpir'd,
Thy hopes angelic, and thy theme a God!—
Thou Muſes miracle—thou Nation's pride,
Whoſe worth, yon ſilver Queen of night proclaim'd,
When thou her pitying ſympathy addreſs'd,
Whoſe wiſdom all our ſages loudly praiſe,
Sages of ſcience, by deep thought made ſage,
Whoſe Virtue, Immortality rewards,
Whoſe GENIUS, ſcorning narrow human ken,
And the pent limits of this pigmy world,
(Where in a circle circumſcrib'd by fate,
The mole-ey'd mortal dimly gazes round,
And boaſts his deep ſagacity of ſight;

Important emmet—pride-elated mite,
Infinite atom—momentary worm—)
Superior ſoars to ſcenes behind the cloud,
Oh YOUNG—thou day-bright poet of the night,
Accept ſincere the genuine plaint of woe
Maternal—ſtruck immediate from the heart;
An heart that labours deep with various grief!
And thou, Oh Cynthia—thou who lent thine aid
Cærulian; and ſhed thy influence round,
Chearing the darkneſs of thy Poet's fate;
A fate envelop'd deep in Fortune's gloom,
Dark beyond all the horrors of the night,
When intercepting clouds repel thy rays,
And not a gleam ſoftens the black opaque,
Dark beyond common woes—death—dark diſtreſs,
Ebon of ſoul, more ſabled than the Styx,
As once HIS anguiſh, thou with influence bland
Benign didſt feel—now kindly feel for me;

For me—ſad relict of a proſtrate race,—
Partake a wretched parent's ſoul-heav'd throb,
A parent reft of every filial joy,
And ſmote by death's moſt deſolating dart.
Beneath thy ſober, ſublunary ſhine,
(Tremulous, tender, melancholy—ſoft,
Suited to ſoothe the ſolitary woe,)
Beneath thy ſhine—ne'er did a greater Bard,
Latian, Athenian, or in Briton born,
Pour on the ear of night a lovelier ſong,
Ne'er didſt thou patronize a nobler lay,
Nor hear a ſtrain more penſively divine,
Fair in diſtreſs, and querulouſly ſweet;
Oh! how the Poet breath'd at every pauſe!
Oh! how the Godhead dignified each line!
Oh! how the intrepid Chriſtian crown'd the whole!
'Twas not the courtly period of the day,
Form'd to entrap the complimented fool,

'Twas

'Twas not the airy, faſhionable page,
Politely pert, and muſically dull,
The ſing-ſong nothing of ſome moon-ſtruck elf;
'Twas Genius ſpoke the language of the ſoul,
A language, lofty, elegant and ſtrong;
Pathos of ſenſe, and energy of ſound.
Beyond the common flight of modern ſong,
Beyond the tinſel of the rhimeing tribe,
Which for the flimſy Sonnet cull the flowers
Parnaſſian (ſcarce deſerving to be cropt,
The ſtinted ſcyons of the mountain's foot)
To deck their May-day garland of an hour.
Beyond the ſoar of ſentimental fools
That delicately weave the web of wit,
And ſpin the ſilken moral from the brain,
Induſtrioufly idle—cobweb-thin,
The tender texture of a vacant ſkull,
And unſubſtantial, as the fairy ſcene,

Form'd

Form'd by the frolicks of the fallen ſnow—
Far above ſuch, THY vigorous Genius ſoar'd,
Genius cherubic—near allied to Heaven,
Of heavenly themes ambitious—Oh my Son!
Oh, what a ſtroke upon the feeling heart!
Oh what a fall to Britain, and to me!
And riſes then my ſorrow into guilt,
Verges my fondneſs on impiety,
Reaſon, religion, duty, all forgot?
I almoſt mingle bluſhes with my woe,
Confuſion flings her crimſon in my cheek,
And colouring Conſcience dyes a deeper red!
Fall, did I ſay?—ſay rather what a riſe,
A riſe high-bounding to his native ſkies,
How great! how vaſt! how glorious! how profound!
To *us* how vital—to *himſelf* how fair?
He wiſh'd for Heav'n, and Heav'n has heard his prayer.

Then let me hail his beatific ſhade—
The well-rewarded ſpirit bower'd in bliſs!—
Yet Nature, feeble Nature, clinging to the chords,
And preſſing hard upon the tender ſtrings,
That move the finer feelings in our frame,
With arbitrary rage, demands her claim,
And uſurer-like exacts the parent-ſigh.
Spite of the exultations I ſhould feel,
The hymn of triumph, and the peal of praiſe,
The tender tyrant tugs about my Breaſt,
Strikes on each pulſe, and ſluices every vein—
Ah rebel nerves, be ſtill—or if too hard,
The thoughts of loſing HIM the moſt ador'd,
Bears on thy weaker ſenſe—indulge a pauſe,
From Nature—Paſſion—Torture and Thyſelf.
Oh, turn my ſoul from the diſtracting theme,
Probe not the agonizing wound too deep,
Search not the ſore with too minute an eye,
But from his dear idea, turn away!

She turn'd—ſhe ſtopt—but found no ſweet relief;
The cormorant monſter of the gorging grave,
Had multiplied her woe—ſtill ran her thoughts
On ſome lov'd child, which yet remain'd unſung;
Another and another to her mind
Roſe terrible—and ſtarting, thus ſhe cried,
While Grief in every feature wrote Deſpair:

And ſhall I paſs thee o'er, thou gentle ſpirit?—Was there ought in thy propenſions—or in thy way of journeying through the windings of this ſad world?—Was there ought unfilial in thy feelings?—ought undeſerving or forbidding, that ſhould incline me to overlook thee?——Ah; No—no—Truſt me, gentle YORICK, I more than lov'd thee—There was a courteſy in thy demeanor—a milky and humane temperature about thy pulſes—and a compaſſion in the turn of thy mind—however excurſive—however retrograde—however digreſſive—that awaken the moſt tender recollection—A recollection which hurries the blood into the moſt affectionate extremities.—Gracious God, what a throb was there!—As I live—and as I love thee—and by the ſoul of thy venerable relation, the

tears

tears are bathing my eye-laſhes, while I am talking of thee—And could'ſt thou—(Oh that Death ſhould have made it neceſſary to cry Alas! in a parentheſis)—could'ſt thou, YORICK, at this moment, lay thy hand upon my heart—the violence of the motion about the center, would confeſs the mother—and the tumult of the veſſels, together with the rebounds of the pulſation, might aſſure thee, how thou art rank'd in my eſtimation—Eſtimation!—hear me, YORICK, there is another Alas for thee—Thou can'ſt not hear—GENIUS has much to ſay of thee—Thou wert nothing elſe—Thy heart, and head, and every delicate appendage, were the conſtant champions of all the Charities—all the Civilities.—Thou had'ſt not indeed any parade—any oſtenſibility—or religious prudery about thee—but yet haſt thou done more to the cauſe of Virtue, than if thou hadſt gone ſcowling through life.—In all thy excurſions—and whimſical meanders—SENSIBILITY took thee by the hand—by the heart I might have ſaid—and made thee acceſſible to every tender intreaty—every ſoft petition found its way into thy pocket—the thing was irreſiſtable—PITY ſeconded the requeſt, SYMPATHY thirded it—and if thou haply hadſt nothing to beſtow—why it was an hard caſe, and would coſt thee a tear—a drop of diſappointment—an elixir to the ſorrowing ſoul—a treaſure riſing from the fulneſs

fulneſs of a rich heart, and it was given without grudging—ſo would it had it been chryſtal.—I honoured thy ſentiments, and I venerate thy memory—thou would'ſt not ſuffer a nettle to grow upon the grave of an enemy—nor ſhall GENIUS ever ſuffer a weed to grow upon thine.—Peace—peace to thy ſhade.—

Once more, the matron ceas'd the mournful lay,
But the freſh anguiſh ſoon aſſail'd her heart;
Still call'd the populous tomb for her lament,
And bad her prove viciſſitude of woe,
As thus ſhe ſighing, ſpoke:

And now, my lov'd Shenſtone, for Thee,
Thou pride of the paſtoral ſtrain;
Thou faireſt reſemblance of me,
Dear, elegant Bard of the plain.

For thee, will I pour the ſad lay,
That ſhall echo the thickets among;
And weep as I muſe on the day,
That robb'd the poor ſwains of thy ſong.

Full gentle, and ſweet, was the note
That flow'd from his delicate heart,
Simplicity, ſmil'd as he wrote,
And Nature was poliſh'd by art.

But now as I look o'er thy bowers,
As each ſhrub, and each ſtream, I ſurvey,
Diſaſter invades the ſoft flowers:
For—oh—their lov'd maſter's away.

Ah, how ſhould the woodlands be fair,
Ah, how the cool grottoes be gay?
The groves, murmur death, and deſpair,
The roſes all droop and decay;

Full well may they ſorrow and fade—
The dear ſhepherd that rear'd them is gone,
And well may the birds leave the ſhade—
For their loves and their labours are flown.

Then

Then unſeen let the Eglantine blow,
Unheeded the Hyacynth lye,
Unheard let the rivulets flow,
Let the Primroſes flouriſh and die;
For the Swain who ſhould crop them is gone!—
He ſung—and all Nature admir'd;
He ſpoke—and all hearts were his own;
He fell—and all pity expir'd.—

Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd her diſaſterous ſong,
When thus again lamenting, ſhe began—

I.

And oh (ſhe cried with frantic grief)
Who now ſhall bring relief,
Or where the cordial ſhall I find,
To ſoothe a mother's mind,
Since LYTTELTON is dead?
Well may ye hang the head,
And preſs your graſſy bed,
Ye confcious forefts, and ye waving groves,
For never ſhall ye ſee your Maſter more:
To other ſcenes the ætherial Spirit roves,
And tir'd of Hagley, ſeeks a fairer ſhore.

II.

The Muſes liſten'd, to his poliſh'd ſtrain,
And every wondering ſwain,
With pride, came thronging to his ruſtic bower,
The Dryads own'd his power.
But when he wail'd his lovely Lucy, dead,
And his melodious ſorrow told,
The ſhepherds lean'd to hear,
The ſilvans dropt a tear,
Then all in wild diſorder fled.
Rapt in the deepeſt ſhades receſs,
They mourn'd their gentle Lord's diſtreſs,
And join'd his prayers for Lucy—but in vain.

III.

And art thou gone, my venerable Son,
Who ſhar'd with Genius the exalted throne!
Pride of my age, and pillar of my care!—
Mute is thy tuneful voice—"O loſs beyond repair."
Ah LYTTELTON, for thee,
The true tear long ſhall bathe this hoary breaſt,
For there thy worth, and talents live impreſt—
Engrav'd by SYMPATHY.

Oh!

Oh! fall ſeverely felt,
To make a parent melt,
The tender breaſt to tear;
And wake deſpair:
And ſcarce a child the mighty grief to ſhare!

IV.

How ſhall I paint the glories of his mind,
Benevolent, and kind,
His reaſon ſtrong, and elegantly clear,
To every virtue dear!
Beyond the pride of pedant rules,
And maxims of the ſchools,
His Genius knew the pleaſing art,
To ſteal upon the heart:
To touch the finer paſſions of the mind,
And give the ſterling moral to mankind.

V.

He was the very glory of my race,
Even in the vale of life, in reaſon's bloom,
Adorn'd with every learned grace,

Amidſt the ſhouts of power and praiſe,
For many a year he wore the bays;
Till tyrant Death
Stopt his much-honour'd breath,
And ſwept the laurel'd Hero to the tomb.

So when ſome oak, that long ſupreme hath ſtood,
The ſtately monarch of the imperial wood,
Whoſe arms ſuperior ſhed a verdure round,
And ſhadow'd wide beneath, the umbrageous ground,
Long time we view its top impierce the ſkies,
Its broad leaf flouriſh, and its branches riſe,
Long time we gaze upon the glowing ſight,
And eye with wonder its majeſtic height
Till time, impatient for its deſtin'd prey,
Full at the root directs the blow,
And down it drops below;
The mighty ruin, of the groaning plain.

Nor, in lamenting the havock, which Death hath triumphantly made (continued GENIUS) in the letter'd generation, can HAWKESWORTH, be forgotten: A name which is particularly endear'd to me, by the affection which its owner bore to virtue and to ſcience.

Every

Every ſtroke of his pen, correſponding with every idea of his mind, however playful, or however pathetic, always terminated in the moſt uſeful knowledge: that knowledge which might regulate the conduct of life, or afford tranquillity and quietude at the hour of expiration: The ardour which uniformly animated his endeavours, gave conſtant vigour to his thought, activity to his powers, and dignity to his ſentiment: Nor did his excellence ariſe ſo much from the ambition which panted after fame, and aim'd at popularity—which appeal'd to the acclamations of the mob, or ſought the diſtinctions of this world; as from the hearty hope of contributing, in whatever degree, to the inveſtigation of truth, the amendment of manners, and the rectitude of the mind. Of thoſe who have acquir'd a literary immortality, there are few who could diſpute with my HAWKESWORTH, ſtrength of ſenſe, or elevation of expreſſion; and ſtill fewer have given to the world ſo valuable, or ſo copious a fund of virtuous entertainment. Amidſt all the efforts of his intellect, whether his inſtructions were prepared in the dreſs of hiſtory — or convey'd in the vehicle of fabulous narration—whether they aſſum'd the graver ſtyle of argumentative profundity, or whether they adopted the ſtill deeper reſearches of philoſophical raciocination; —their conſtant greatneſs of deſign was equally apparent,

rent, and the promotion of virtue was always ſtrongly mark'd in the language of the writer. My dear, my regretted HAWKESWORTH, was indeed never long ſeduc'd by any temptations, or abſtracted by any ſcientific allurements, from thoſe views which are alone of intrinſic importance, and which he well knew, would retain that importance, when all, that now flutters to the fancy, plays upon the paſſions, and faſcinates the heart, ſhall confeſs their inſignificance, and fly like the atom, that is driven before the tempeſt.

Here interrupting broke upon her plaint
The peering morn—the dun-diſcolour'd clouds,
Diſperſing faſt, unveil the fleecy white:
Fair dawns the new-born-day; and o'er the ſky
The ruddy crimſon, and the heaven-dipt blue,
Mix'd with the fainter yellow's ſtreaky gold,
Chequering the air in rich variety,
Fortell the Sun's upriſe—from his broad beam,
(Too gariſh for the melancholy mind)
GENIUS withdrew, and clos'd her tender lay.

THE END.

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